

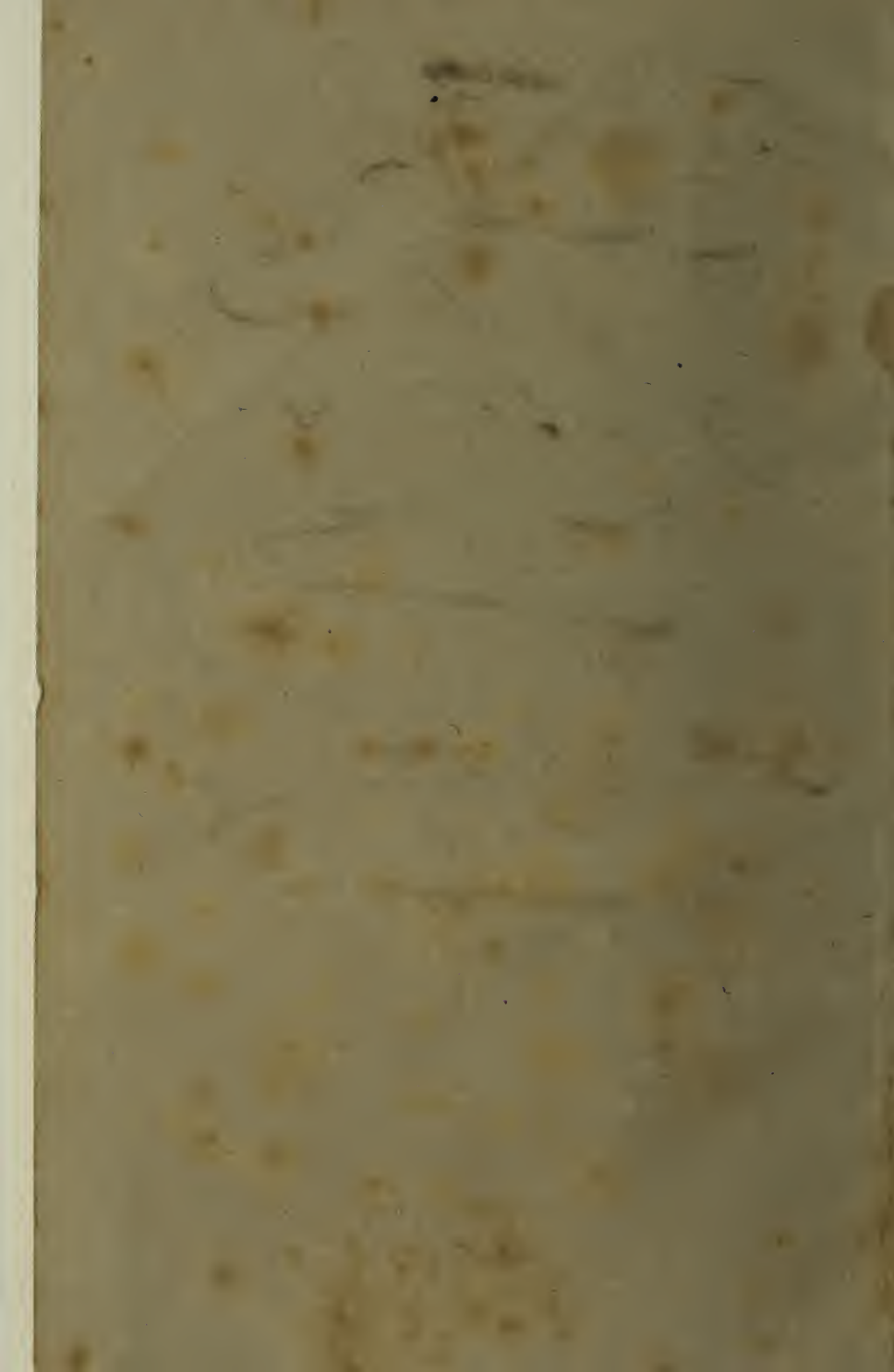


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To George Biggs,
with the thankful
recurrence
of best thanks
of the Quaker.

30th May 1837



A FEW
SHARP WORDS
AND
SOME FLAT
CORRESPONDENCE

WITH
The Committee
OF
THE YORKSHIRE SOCIETY,
FROM
JOHN ATKINSON.

Gracious Heaven! Why this disparity between our wishes and our powers? Why is the most generous wish to make others blest—impotent and ineffectual as the idle breeze that crosses the pathless desert? In my walks of Life, I have met with a few people to whom how gladly would I have said,—“Go, be happy! I know that your hearts have been wounded by the scorn of the Proud, whom accident has placed above you,—or, worse still, in whose hands are placed perhaps many of the comforts of your life. But there! Ascend that rock, INDEPENDENCE,—and look justly down on their littleness of soul; make the worthless tremble under your indignation, the foolish sink before your contempt,—and largely impart that happiness to others, which, I am certain, will give yourselves so much pleasure to bestow.”

ROBERT BURNS.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,
AND SOLD BY
WILLIAM GEORGE THOMPSON, 5, Great Tower Street.

1837.

TO
THE GOVERNESSES AND GOVERNORS
OF THE
YORKSHIRE SOCIETY,

THIS OFFHAND APPEAL TO THEIR SYMPATHY

IN DEFENCE OF THEIR RIGHTS,

IS, BY

THE HUMBLEST OF THEIR FELLOW-LABOURERS IN THE VINEYARD

OF AN UNIQUE

METROPOLITAN CHARITY,—

WHICH IS INDEED AN HONOR TO THE FIRST COUNTY

IN ENGLAND,—

MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED.

DECREVI.



A FEW SHARP WORDS, &c.

“WHAT dogs there are in this world!”—writes Dr. Swift, when not in the best of humours, to Mrs. Dingley. It is not splenetic ill nature which echoes this, after the flight of more than an hundred and ten years; for sore is my own experience of its truth. There goes a story, not unknown to the Yorkshire Society, of “A tiresome Dog at Highbury:” there are nevertheless two-legged animals, yclept Men and Women, running daily over this glorious earthly field of peace and beauty,—far more tiresome; in sooth,—dangerous; and assuredly less innocent than he.

“We know what we are, but we know not what we may be!” Little did I dream, when accompanying a friend to the first Dinner-Meeting of the Society, 18th March, 1812, I should live to be so signally marked, by a clique of its Committee, some twenty-four years afterwards.* Urged by that frank spirit to enter the embryo Institution, I held off,—feeling, that—although of the Teeswater,—Barnard Castle having given me birth,—I was not native of County York. In the spring, however, of 1834, a boy-candidate having been adopted by one to whom I owe life-long obligation,—my quondam Schoolmaster of Richmond on Swale,†—I became an Annual Governor, and successfully toiled for Aysom. This was a good beginning; fresh calls were thenceforward made by many; they were gladly met; and “the luxury of doing good” was mine, while obeying them. But overwork for others, both of body and mind, superadded to my own sharp current duties, ere long flung me down; nor was it till after nine months of severe suffering, that the science and knife of my admirable surgeons (Mr. Aston Key and Mr. John Smith) rescued my life. Health returned with the autumn of 1835, when Fortune outspread her treacherous wings, and left me to breakfast on her Fare-ill, with what appetite was left. I sat down as became my descent; and, with a clear conscience for all zest, enjoyed the poortith-meal,—not without thanks to the Great Giver and Taker away: His will be done.

My boast is not, that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise,—
The Son of Parents passed into the skies.‡

* Vide Appendix 1.

✱ Vide Appendix 2.

‡ Vide Appendix 3.

On went my active service, as the paid money of many of my personal friends will testify. I gave the Society countless days, unprofitable otherwise, and had reward from the Elections of 1836, in which my feelings and energies were deeply embarked and not allowed to slumber. The Anniversary was celebrated 27th April; and in the play-ground a few days before, the boy Aspden said,—“they used to have VERSES at the Dinner, and himself had recited the last, three years ago.” I asked him to repeat them; he did so, very cleverly. Seeing me pleased, the good lad modestly begged me to “be so obliging as find some for next Wednesday.” I replied, “it was too late.” But next morning I penned an Address,*—which easy pardon may receive from Justice as well as Charity, while pleading for me in a day of no very mild persecution,—and sent a printed copy to each of the Committee. The Dinner went off well, and after a fortnight had ran after it—came a tempest; but the first rising of the storm, which put on power, and broke so fiercely upon me, I neither saw nor heard. Its brute fury has happily spent itself, and left me comparatively unscathed;—yet mighty was the magic of the Katterfeltos, whose conjuration raised, and gave it the name of action.

On the first Thursday of the month the General Committee meets; the House Committee every Friday. On the luckless 13th of May, I found the latter sitting; when lo!—

The salt is spilt, to me it fell!

With oily stultiloquence, the Chairman, J. A. Adamthwaithe, having, oddly enough, assured me,—“that no personal disrespect was intended;” three curs opened upon me at once,—and the din of their yelping yet rings in my ears. But I gathered out of their music, that “Mr. and Mrs. Akers were extremely annoyed by my frequent visits!” Astounded, I flatly contradicted, demanding the Master’s presence, that the truth might fall from his lips. This was absolutely refused, and I as absolutely confirmed. They went on barking about their duty; I responded by maintaining mine: and now trust,—for its reputation’s sake,—that the menseless—the outrageous behaviour witnessed and felt by me, on that day, within the walls of the Yorkshire Society, will never be repeated. The perpetrators may depend on my not soon forgetting it: and let me hope, they divided the shame equally, and had no quarrel about the indivisible glory of manfully driving me forth from amongst them. Little did they know then; little do they know at present, notwithstanding the pains I have taken to mend their grossly imperfect education: still I do not despair of the dogs. By the bye, here is a fact which dovetails well. A Member of the General Committee, spontaneously told me, that although

* Vide Appendix 4.

for fifteen years upon Committees of Charity, Education, &c. he had never seen such bad manners, had never heard such bad language, as on the occasion of his first attendance at the Yorkshire Society's! On the score of taste alone,—I declare, that sooner than meet the onset of a squad of pismires, I would face an angry lion.

The 20th saw the complotters meet again. What passed in sayings I know not; but the 21st shed a ray of light upon their doings. Anxious to correct the misdelivery of a Ball-Notice, to a Benefactress, who had not seen the School or the Children, —I asked Mr. Akers for two or three of the best boys to accompany me to Parliament street, and they were immediately appointed. Our expedition was successful; and on return, we found two Ladies standing with the Boys in their School Room. They requested me to be so kind as shew them over the House? Now mark! Mr. and Mrs. Akers had gone out on their holiday walk; and I, having no authority, respectfully declining, offered to call the servant. "By no means, Sir!" was starchedly replied; and the elder snapped at the boy Wood,—with—"Have you been out without your Master's leave?" "No, Madam, by our Master's orders,"—was the straightforward answer. Whereupon the twain retired to a Fly in waiting, into which, bare-headed as I was, I had the satisfaction of civilly assisting them, with a "Good Morning."

This visit was a trap, well-baited, and nicely-set, to catch a Taker of Liberties: to the plague of the inventors,—they caught a Tartar instead, as will be shewn in the sequel. Detraction still pursued, and I soon learned that these were very nearly related to one of the stars of the House Committee. What pity, to have exposed family female affections to such bitter disappointment! Why did he not escort them?

Slighting the Junto, I went in low simplicity to the School as usual; and on Thursday, 2nd June, the House Arrogants were there to a man. While in the play-ground, a hint was officially given, that "it would be best for all parties, were I to withdraw from the Society." I whistled it off, and sentence was incontinently passed. The Secretary disdainfully refused the odious task of writing out the "deep damnation;"—but J. E. Sander-son,—qualifying no doubt for place in the about-to-be re-established Inquisition,—gladly undertook it; and I print the document as a specimen of his ripening talents. He will do.

Committee-Room, Yorkshire School-House,
2nd June, 1836.

Sir,

It having been represented to this Committee, that your frequent visits to the School are extremely annoying to the Master and Mistress, and also interfere with the management

and internal discipline of the School, and it further appearing that you have disregarded the request of the House Committee, notified to you on the 13th May. This Committee being satisfied that these visits are highly injurious to the interests of the Institution, are under the necessity of preventing them for the future, and have come to a resolution that your visits be limited to once a month. I trust, therefore, you will see the propriety of complying with it, and

I remain, Sir, Your obedient Servant,
JOHN GIBSON, Chairman.

To John Atkinson, Esq.

I could not understand the “extremely,”—the “also,” and other bow-wows,—nor “see the propriety;”—yet I certainly did see something.

29, Great Chart Street,

Friday Morning, 3rd June, 1836.

Dear Sir,

I have received a Committee Resolution of the Yorkshire Society, signed by you as Chairman, and dated from the School-House, 2nd instant. On a document, in which malice and untruth are striving for the mastery, I shall not trust myself to comment now; but be assured, the next Monthly Meeting of the Committee shall not have to wait for an answer to the shameful paper addressed to John Atkinson. For yourself, dear Sir, believe that I entertain the highest respect,—that I am deeply grateful to you and your's for generous and effective service rendered, in the execution of my sense of christian duty,—and, that however hard I shall be compelled to speak out against a knot of slanderers and deceivers,—who have usurped, and dare to maintain a power, which belongs not to the mean, the insolent, and the crafty,—I shall never fall into unthankfulness to John Gibson. To your worthy sons be pleased to commend me gently; and accept all of esteem and gratitude that can be offered to human beings,—by your unworthy, illtreated,—but hearty and sincere friend,

JOHN ATKINSON.

John Gibson, Esq. Tredegar House.

Next, I paid the House Committee in part, sending the Falsehood-mongers a small instalment.

29, Great Chart Street,

10th June, 1836.

Sirs,

If nature, education, and experience had deserted me,—the ‘Nil Admirari’ of Philosophy would have been thrown away upon your poor Subscriber, on the occasion of his reading a Letter, addressed to him, on Thursday the 2nd instant, by the

Committee of the Yorkshire Society, and signed by that truly benevolent Gentleman, John Gibson, as Chairman. Fortunately I was enabled to acknowledge the receipt of it. I plead *guilty* to the heinous sin of disobeying your verbal indefinite order of the 13th ult. referred to in that Letter. I plead *not guilty* to the three other charges it contains,—which are false as they are uncharitable; and I beg to tell the originator (be he whom he may—for I have not caught him)—of this attack on the rights of every Governor of the beautiful Institution,—that I shall unkennel him if I can,—giving him that fair chance of escape which he gave not to me. I have no more now to say, Sirs, but may refer you—in case of need—to my note to John Gibson. Depend on my doing my duty; and regard me as sincere, when I subscribe myself,

Your insulted equal,

JOHN ATKINSON.

To the House Committee of the Yorkshire Society.

I continued to visit the School. Another Election having been advertised for the 28th July, I was quickly at work, and as quickly fell in with a Lithographic Circular, which will long outlive its paltry Author, and prove to what sorry shifts poor mortals may be driven, when honesty breaks down under vain and false ambition.

The Copy in question bore the written signature of George Leach.

Dear Sir,

May I beg the favor of your interest and support to the Candidate whose card is inclosed; it is a strong and deserving case, and strictly conformable with the 1st Rule of the Society. *The Committee, knowing the case, are all anxious that he should be elected*; but as the power is in the hands of the Governors at large, I can only call your attention to the case, and solicit your support in its behalf. Should your proxy not be engaged, if you will trust me with it, as well as any others you may be able to procure for me, I shall esteem it a great favor, and remain,

Dear Sir,

Your obliged and obedient Servant,

How many leap-frogged, I know not. A quire of the blanks was left me by the mother of Harwood, with his card, on which I found the names of Robert Gibson, J. A. Adamthwaite, George Leach, and Charles Bischoff,—all of the House Committee! Seeing through the dark device, I waited personally on John Ellis, and by Letter on John Gibson, and these gentlemen disavowing the fraud, I availed myself of a Special Meeting, in this wise.

29, Great Chart Street,
Wednesday, 20th July, 1836.

Gentlemen,

While on service for certain of the children now before the Society for Election on the 28th instant, I was lately met by a Lithograph Circular, signed by one of your Body, Member of the House Committee; a Copy of which I beg to shew you. I understand too, that other Gentlemen of the same Committee have signed and circulated,—to the direct and manifest injury of eight out of the nine admitted Candidates. Thinking at sight that the letter contained an untruth, I hastened the enquiry needful for my own satisfaction—which was soon reached, and have scored the falsehood for your use. How it stands with the duty of individuals of Trust, thus to tamper with Truth, and to trifle with the Rights of the Governors, for the purpose of pocketing the success of an Election, I shall not now ask: but venture to say, Gentlemen, that your honor as a Committee will be imperiled, if you allow this flagrant act to pass without a lasting stigma. To the particular Candidate whose card was inclosed, the boy Harwood, I heartily wish well; and shall on principle and feeling support him to the best of my poorability: but should be ashamed to find, that he owed security to means so utterly indefensible, and so downright unjust, as this remonstrance denounces. I speak not my own sentiments only, having far higher authority for thus addressing you. I wait the issue of your counsels, and have the honor to remain, with every sentiment of deference and respect, Gentlemen,

Your obedient and faithful Servant,

JOHN ATKINSON.

To the Committee of the Yorkshire Society.

On that watery morning the rain found me at the House, enquiring for the Secretary. Word was taken up stairs; and answer returned, that Mr. Tristram would be with me in a few minutes. Standing in the thorough-drift Hall, Mr. Akers came, apologizing for having no better room to offer, and asked me to step down to the kitchen. His courtesy I gladly accepted; when up drove a Cab, containing Charles Bischoff, who instantly reached the same fire-side, passing wet withal,—attended by Mrs. Akers. Scarcely had he spread his person before the grate, than wheeling his august head over his right shoulder, Il Pomposo imperiously demanded my business there? “Sir, I have business with the Committee.” “Then speak to the Secretary.” “I am waiting his leisure;—what next?” “This is not a proper place for you,—there’s the Hall!” Down I threw myself on the nearest chair; and folding my arms in indignant defiance, told the amazed creature,—that “I had ever practised

the decencies and humanities of life,—was not used to handling like this,—and would not submit to it.” Like cowed mongrel, with tail clinging to the seat of honor, off slunk the conscious biped to the Committee Room,—and down directly came Mr. Secretary. I gave the needful, with a few burning words; and then retiring, took good care to see served forthwith,—

Thursday Afternoon, July 21st, $\frac{1}{4}$ to 1.

Sir,

The unprovoked and shameful insolence of your behaviour towards me in the School-House of the Yorkshire Society just now, demands from me on the instant, the assurance, that as I compassionate your weakness, so shall I,—*Deo favente!*—try to cure you of so uncharitable an infirmity. Two points are clearly established, your ignorance of yourself, and your ignorance of me. Mark my words: I shall ere long correct one of these, but shall give myself exceeding small trouble about the other, uncaring consequences. In no wise your inferior, I subscribe myself as in duty bound—your sincere and wakeful

JOHN ATKINSON.

Charles Bischoff, Esq. Yorkshire Society's School.

At Five I called again; when the boy Aysom ruefully descended to the gate, under command not to open it,—and presented a sealed Letter through its bars. I told the little fellow that I never took letters furtively; and remitting him back with it, walked away. Next morning brought me an audacious Laconic, which a few minutes enabled me to make short work of and to shave the heads of a small lot of mooncalves.

Yorkshire School-House, 21st July, 1836.

Sir,

The House-Committee have felt it their duty to give orders to Mr. Akers, that you be not admitted into the Yorkshire School-House.

I remain your obed. Sert.

GEORGE LEACH,

Mr. Atkinson.

Chairman of the House-Committee.

29, Great Chart Street, 22nd July, 1836.

Sir,

Before you, and your fellow-conspirators,—(for you are *not* the Committee of the benevolent Yorkshire Society,—) dare to prate about Duty, it were well that you first knew the meaning of it. Now as you are all such very good boys, I shall gladly give you a first lesson; and trust you will read, (if you can,) and inwardly digest it. Here it is. “*The Man who deliberately*

prints a falsehood, and sets his name to it in writing, is capable of any villainy." There, Sirs, take you *that*; and with it, my contempt of your impotent malice; and my promise that you shall not be disappointed of the infamous renown you so painstakingly seek, and so breathlessly pant after. I rest,—under no Hell-Gate wisdom,—

Your plain speaking Servant, wishful to please you,

JOHN ATKINSON.

George Leach, Esq. Castle Court, Lawrence Lane.

Unto this day the House-Committee have not acknowledged this good deed of mine—the Ingrates!—but it was not wholly lost upon the sweet souls. Friday, 22nd, passed in ominous silence: but Guilt was alarmed,—and Fear, his comrade, prompted desperate measures. Bischoff, Attorney, Gent. &c. having turned over his books many, and brains—if any,—concluded, that an oath on behalf of the King's Peace would salve all; as it would white-wash Brutality and himself, and bespatter Charity and me;—and so, after forty-eight hours of conscience-sweat, Charles the Hardy swore at Union Hall. I had civil notice of the warrant, fixing my appearance for the ensuing Wednesday,—the very day preceding the trying Election! Swelling with indignation, I sat down to draw the coxcomb's picture at full length; but thinking with Sir Philip Sidney, that "few words are best,"—in a case of calculated baseness, I charged the faithful post to speedily deliver these.

29, Great Chart Street, Monday, 25th July, 1836.

Right Valiant Sir,

I have the honor of acknowledging your very kind invitation to Union Hall for Wednesday, at 12 o'Clock, and doubt not your truly christian hospitality, which seems to me to eclipse even that of the Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem; but my sight is not perfect. Your friend of the cloven-foot is exhibiting your heraldic coat to admiring thousands. In passing through the Royal Exchange to day, I saw it,—and was exceedingly pleased with the fit. (Pardon this; but, a Member by Incorporation of the Merchant Tailors' Company, I am occasionally on the Shop-board.) "Matchless Impudence," and "Rank Cowardice," are admirable Supporters; a "Lie upon Oath," is an excellent Crest; and "Beware of the Devil," a motto in capital keeping.* It may not, however, my heroic one!—be amiss to caution your chivalric Inanity against the dirty trick of shaking your wet inexpressibles before a kitchen fire not of your own kindling, in the presence of honorable wo-

* A Baton Sinister, Gules, on a Shield Sable, completes the Coat.—It will wear well.

men :—pray you avoid this, lest you catch your deserts. We shall meet again ; if not at Philippi, in some other pleasant quarters, 'ere Shrewsbury clock strikes the hour of summons ; and I impatiently wait the delight of looking once again upon your lovely House-Committee countenance. From your most humble, most obedient, and most devoted Servant,

JOHN ATKINSON.

Charles Bischoff, Esq. 8, Copthall Court.

A little bird sings,—that after Saturday's swearing, the cute Lawyer steamed sea-ward, returned on Monday, and on Tuesday repaired with my soft rebuke in his trembling hands to the Police Office, seeking another tonic. At noon on Wednesday, G. Leach, J. E. Sanderson, and himself, stood planted in the Justice Room,—their backs to the light, their aspects in the shade ; and on my entrance, a Zamiel-grin from the united brethren let out the rancour of their souls. The two former were ordered out ;—when my lame accuser,—thus cruelly reft of his crutches, and left alone with his Case,—mumbly put in my Letters : but although standing within mutual hand-reach,—not one word could I catch, and remonstrated accordingly ;—as I did, against the production of my second Letter as evidence against me under the warrant,—it being an *ex-post facto*. Mr. Jeremy, the Magistrate, however, overruled,—(by what Law I would fain be told,—) and the Oath-man averring that I greatly annoyed the Master, &c.—I was on *this*, and my *two* Letters,—bound to keep the peace, and be of good behaviour towards all His Majesty's Subjects for three months ; myself in £40, and two sureties in £20 each. I shall have occasion anon to speak of the Newspaper account of the hearing : but first let me record how I disposed of one of the expelled volunteer witnesses.

29, Great Chart Street, 25th July, 1836.

Sir,

It cannot but interest you to know, that Saturday was indeed a white day to me : I had long been looking after missing facts—and found them. With my honored friends John Gibson and William Lawson, members of the Committee of the Yorkshire Society, I had personal interviews. At last I have discovered the mean Scribe who volunteered to strike at Humanity and myself through an official Letter ; and I frankly tell you, Sir, that I envy not his taste, his modesty, or his feeling. I keep the precious document fast—for his honor,—imagining (foolishly perhaps) that it may some day or other be of use as evidence of character,—when a man may be wanted, who can contrive to tie up three falsehoods and one fact in a very small bundle, and

make the whole pass for truth. I hear of Ladies too who have reported against me: should you chance to meet, have the goodness—and goodness is your excelling quality—to caution them—with my most respectful compliments—against the propagation of calumny and slander. Charity covers a multitude of sins,—but one sin can give Charity the heart-bleed; and they who would commit this, should be well watched. Not fashionably particular as to conventional forms of Letter-concludings, I hope you will excuse, if I sign myself,—

Your Unmaskér,

JOHN ATKINSON.

J. E. Sanderson, Esq. Crown Court, Philpot Lane.

I had no reply to this home-stroke. The General-Committee had the following.

29, Great Chart Street,

Gentlemen, Thursday Morning, 4th August, 1836.

The treatment served to me within the past three months by the Committee of the Yorkshire Society, more especially by that Section of it termed the “House Committee,” and yet more by a few individuals ruling that Section,—would have led me to decline all farther direct correspondence with you, did I not regard and respect sincerely the right manly feeling of the great majority of your honorable Body,—one of whom, your J. R. Tetley, is nearly of my oldest friends of London-Introduction; and others are endeared to me by genuine worth, by pure benevolence, and true humanity,—although not of a bond like his of three and thirty years duration.

This treatment embraces many grave questions: but for reasons of my own,—some of which are not unknown to some of yourselves, Gentlemen,—I shall only touch a few to-day,—seeing in what a strange position I have been placed by stratagem wide awake; and firmly believing that the recent decadence of my fortunes—coupled with motives which it pleases me not now to advert to—has exposed me to a time-taken succession of personal attacks, which the undertakers durst not for their very ears have hazarded upon any other Governor of the Society. But although of the humblest as to my own poor Subscription, I come before you as the sole representative of many most generous Life and Annual Governors,* whose confidence in the honesty of my advocacy of the singular excellence of the Society, and its pure administration, led them gladly to support it; and I cannot longer allow patience of my own particular wrong, to weaken their security in its solidity, or reduce their claim on your duty,—*Without Protest*; nor can I help recording

* Vide Appendix 5.

that the weapons used against me in this mysterious and unholy onslaught, have in all fair warfare been time out of mind forbidden. Illegal power, Treachery, Calumny, and Falsehood,—if not Perjury,—have been in turn wielded against me; and I should indeed richly deserve the epithets—idiotic, drunk, or mad,—if I had not met, defied, and repelled them. I shall begin, Gentlemen, with the only written communication had from you. It is dated, “Yorkshire School-House,” 2nd June last,—“John Gibson, Chairman;” and a more extraordinary missive, I dare to say, never before issued from a home-stead of Charity. Of but fifteen loose pen-flowing lines,—it opens with anonymous presentment as ground of charge, proceeds with three articles contrary to fact, inserts the single simple truth of my repudiation of the verbal request of the House-Committee on the 13th May, and ends—with notice of a Resolution, that my visits be limited to once a month! The receipt of this I straightway acknowledged to my honored friend, who, in official course, had signed it; but having very lately tracked the very amiable and highly gifted Author and Writer,—(it was not the worthy Secretary’s brain-work, or hand-work—) I dutifully thanked him on the 25th ultimo for so distinguished a mark of his supererogatory goodness; and though not,—as the ungracious Italian adage runs,—“So good that he is good for nothing,”—yet, in sooth, he is far too good for so unworthy a being as myself.

With all respect, Gentlemen, I beg to declare, that my frequent visits to the School have *not* been extremely annoying to the Master and Mistress, that they have *not* interfered with its management and internal discipline; and I fearlessly appeal to the most estimable Mr. and Mrs. Akers, to my valued friend Mr. Tristram, to every individual child on the Establishment, and even to the very female Servant Mrs. Allen, in support of my case. I boldly challenge proof, that ever, either by word or deed, I contributed aught but respect to the blessed House, civility and good-will to all its inmates, incessant desire to promote its prosperity, and constant labor to promote the Children in all obedience, honesty, truth,—and consequent happiness. My leisure,—unfortunately in other respects as to myself,—enabled me to devote much time to this good work; when as, other and serious engagements in life allowed it not to hundreds of noble and beneficent Patrons of the Society; and the self-imposed task was moreover of moral and physical solace to my wounded and disquieted spirit. It was my wont to attend the Boys in School; and they had in the presence of *their* good Schoolmaster, as much of service and assistance as I could bring from *mine*, (honored be his name!—) to bear improvingly upon their respective natures, When Study was over, I sported

with them at Cricket, or exercised in the Foot-race,—made little gardens for them, and sowed and planted ;—watching with no vulgar delight the excellent effect all this had on their young intelligence and conduct ;—nor did I ever let a visit pass, without some good advice, reproof, commendation, or reward, suitable to the day's circumstances. I attended the children at Meals also occasionally, in that pattern-room the kitchen ; and at Prayers in the Boys' School-Room ;—hours that called up feelings among the most tender and touching of my life. This is the very head and front of my offending ; and I glory in it, assured by approving Heaven of a happy issue out of my ensuing affliction. Your written command to me before-named, Gentlemen, I disregarded ; because I saw, at a glance, that it struck at the Rights and Liberties of every Governor of the Society. To be thus subjected to insultation, punishment, disfranchisement,—on secret and slanderous information,—without a hearing, without a jury, without (in short) any thing but the curse of INCLOSED JUSTICE,—were indeed the “ sic volo, sic jubeo ” of tyranny executed with a vengeance ; and not by me at least to be tamely taken : certainly not ! I repeated my visits ;—when, on the near approach of the last Election, interesting myself warmly, and working hard, for certain of the poor Candidates, I alighted upon that unhallowed Lithograph Circular, a Copy of which I had the pleasure of sending to you, along with a few lines from myself ; but having had no notice of your safe receipt of them, nor any answer to my remonstrance, I now submit to you Copies of each. I took the pains to deliver them personally at the School, and met with ———. But let me pass that ; only remarking, by the way, that the Newspaper report of the proceedings at Union Hall on Wednesday the 27th, is far wide of the truth as to my language and behaviour at the Yorkshire School. Of this, hereafter. I 'bide my time.

It is above said, that I have had no answer from yourselves, Gentlemen : but the afternoon of the 21st produced, instead, a House Committee abortion, so monstrous. yet so instructingly curious, that I cannot deny myself the treat of giving you an exact copy of its written evidence and character. The original lies before me.

Yorkshire School-House, 21st July.

Sir,

The House Committee have felt it their duty to give orders to Mr. Akers, that you be not admitted into the Yorkshire School House. I remain your obed. Sert.

GEORGE LEACH,

Mr. Atkinson.

Chairman of the House Commtttec.

I claim some credit for this; and am sure that yourselves, Gentlemen, will thank me for the careful keeping of an historic document so valuable, so rich and rare an autograph. It will one day or other, doubtless, find its way into a Museum in Yorkshire, and be gazed upon by after generations, as a proof,—how, under particular management, the breed of the good and the true, the pretty fairly formed and framed—of the County, may be *improved* by removal to a southern climate.*

Little is left me to say at present.—I have already drawn largely on your time and attention, but may gently remark, that it is fortunate for the validity of the late Election, that I did not heed the Chairman of the House Committee's "*Orders*." Dressed in a little brief authority as he is,—he should have a care in the exercise of it; lest one of these fine mornings awaken him to a consciousness of having mischieved Charity, to an extent which could not be repaired by the longest life of penitence and remorse.

It remains for me only to set down;—that I have been grossly maltreated by men whom I never wronged or injured; that for the sake of the beautiful Yorkshire Benevolent Society, and in defence of the indefeasible privileges of the whole Body of Governors, I have suffered beyond;—that yourselves, Gentle men, both as individuals, and in your conjunct character as Committee, ought to look sharply and deeply too into the rise, progress, and probable issue of this outrage upon myself;—and that, *Deo volente*!—I shall not—come what may—compromise the Interests of the Charity, the Rights of the Governors, my own Independence, or my own Good Name. I have the honor to be—at all times—in all lawful and serviceable obedience,

Gentlemen,

Your willing and faithful Servant,

JOHN ATKINSON.

To the Committee of the Yorkshire Society.

A Life Governor, (not of the Committee,) attended this Meeting, desirous of closing the conflict. The untenable "*Resolution*" and "*Orders*" were abandoned; and that was all: but my best thanks are not the less due to that liberal and staunch friend of the Institution, Robert Hutchinson. It having reached the ear of one, that I charged him with the Authorship of the guilty sheet of the 2nd June; J. E. Sanderson earnestly begged the Secretary to assure me, that "*he had only written it fairly out!*" But who *was* the scamp of a Father? Trusting to reach him soon, I sent the following.

* I have since learnt that this hector is not a Yorkshireman.

Friday Morning, 5th August, 1836, $\frac{1}{2}$ past 11.

Sir,

My friend Mr. Tristram having just now told me of your wish, that I should be disabused of belief in your being the *Author* of the obnoxious mandate of the Yorkshire Society to me of the 2nd June last, I accept your word of honor with all respect and trust,—transferring to the ATROCIOUS UNKNOWN my whole sentiments on that production. I went upon the indisputable evidence of your hand-writing, and take no blame to myself for unconscious error. Having, however, innocently hurt the feelings of my fellow-man, I gladly hasten to repair the damage as far as I may, and heartily beg your pardon for having given pain under such an ignorance. Not doubting your ready forgiveness, I remain, sincerely, your Servant,

JOHN ATKINSON.

J. E. Sanderson, Esq. Crown Court.

Still smarting under grievous wrong, yet desirous to shew the wrong-doer a way of retreat, without irretrievable disgrace, if not with recovered honor,—I sent a friend to Charles Bischoff, who expressed a wish that I would *write down* my requirement,—which I instantly did.

29, Great Chart Street, Wednesday, 10th August, 1836.

My Dear Tristram,

In satisfaction of your verbal communication to me this morning, relative to the “untoward” difference between Mr. Bischoff and myself, which sprang up on the 21st ultimo, at the Yorkshire School, I now set down my claim on him as a Man.

I ask Mr. B. to release my bail and myself at once, by having the bond cancelled; to write a Letter to the Editor of the Times, stating the fact,—and in that letter to correct three errors in the Union Hall Report, which have done me serious harm;—viz.—that I used *abusive language*,—that I had been guilty *previously of impropriety in the kitchen*,—and that I was there *to the displeasure of Mr. Akers*; the truth being, that I used strong—but not abusive language,—that I never committed impropriety as charged,—and that I was indebted to Mr. Akers’ humanity for being in the kitchen at all on that morning, himself having begged of me to go down, it being the only fire-aired room he could then offer me. My sole errand to the School on that rough day, was to deliver into your trusty hands my Remonstrance to the Committee on the Lithograph Election-Circular; and could I have seen you on the instant, I should not have been subjected to the indignity which followed hard upon, and for which I unshakingly demand the fair amends now booked. On these being honestly granted, I shall

be well content to fling all that has passed into the pool of oblivion. Accept my hearty thanks for your friendly feeling and active exertion in this not very pleasant affair; and regard me ever as your grateful and faithful,

JOHN ATKINSON.

Henry Tristram, Esq.

It may surprise that I called not the Editor's attention to the Report. Deference to the ardent request of two truly (not titularly) honorable Governors of the Society, bade me be silent; and, whatever was the pain, I have the happiness to hold their assurance of the safety of my honor in that obedience. Human patience, however, will rarely last long under undeserved suffering: a simple Yes or No would have satisfied; but, alas!—balm was there none in the Copthall-Court Gilead. I got, in lieu, a crooked verbal answer.—“The Gent. would not address the Times; knew the Report was erroneous, and was not answerable for it; would not make the acknowledgment required, at the request of myself or of any of my friends;—but if the Committee asked concession, it would be a different thing!” Different very,—and cuttle-fish like, if not ‘very like a whale!’ Then, forsooth, I was to examine the Committee, and pick out a few able scrubbers, to first help his Serene Lowness out of the congenial mire into which he had so coolly and deeply waded; next to give the delicate puppy a good scouring with the needful washing; and lastly to thoroughly comb the pretty dear! Oh no! I refer the whole matter to the whole Committee; and if they do not stomach it, they may fairly boast of taste peculiar,—of a rare palate for a piquant ignominy.

Disgusted—as who would not be?—with such unmanly, pettifogging shuffling; and not to be misled, ensnared, beaten off, daunted,—by fetches, cunning, delay, or brazenness, least of all to be betrayed into surrender of the impregnable citadel of Truth;—I wrote again to Friendship. But let me premise, the Committee had waived the contest, affecting to treat it as a simple personal,—a *Nokes v. Styles*,—*Bischoff v. Atkinson*. 'Twas no such thing; and my denial is based on these four facts. The insult was passed by one of their own body, a man of whom I knew nothing besides; the blow was aimed within the House of Charity,—devotion to which held me hand-foot-and-tongue-bound,—far as conclusive Self-defence was concerned; the wrong was mounted by Insolence of Office upon unwarrantable Assumption; (a vicious animal which should not be fed and pampered in their Stables;) and, to crown the whole, the rivet was clenched by the Aggressor's Oath,—“He acted as Member of the Committee.” On the horns of this dilemma the honorable Gentlemen remain; and I congratulate them on their exalted—if not enviable station.

The Sporting guns were out on Thursday, the 1st of September, but the only shot that ruffled my feathers was an "oral" from the Secretary, requesting me to meet himself and two other friends on next noon-day. For reasons manifold, obvious, and obtrusive,—I declined this offer of parley; and, to crush all mistake, wrote from

Bankside, Friday Morning, 2nd September, 1836.

My dear James Tetley,

You are the last man alive of my many sincere friendships, to think of necessity for apology on my non acceptance of the proposed meeting,—and I therefore briefly say, that the wound inflicted by one of your fellow Committee-men, is too green, deep, and dangerous, to allow my stirring at present. Having lost all but my honor, (which luckily Fortune cannot rob me of,) I feel the dastard stroke of inhumanity which has caused this refusal, my honored and beloved friend, as one esteemed by *you* ought to feel: I should indeed be entirely unworthy, if I suffered it to pass unatoned for. Strong in conscious innocence, I rest upon duty to my confiding bail, and shall, on their release, take my free self into mine own free and independent keeping. Ever, my dear James, grateful and bounden.

JOHN ATKINSON.

J. R. Tetley, Esq.

Thus baffled and turned at every point, the redoubtables closed the campaign, and under their blasted laurels retired into winter quarters. They ceased from troubling, and I relished my vindicated liberty more than ever. Nothing but smiles and welcome, from Master, Mistress, Children all, awaited my frequent calls; not a whisper even from the enemies camp; and believing the defeated desperadoes had seen the error of their ways, and were resolutely bent on amendment of life, I forbore to disturb. Alas! I was boy-like sporting on the grass, unconscious of the snakes that bedded there; and culling flowers in a field, beneath which volcanic fire was in waxing action. It never once struck me, that having injured, they could not forgive.* *Thus passed five full months!*—and then,—

* Injury is, properly, the willing doing of Injustice to him that is unwilling to receive it; and 'tis as well done by charging falsely, as detracting unduly. He that accused me of the Ill I did not,—and he that allows me not the Good I have done; who puts stolen goods upon me,—and who steals away what is truly mine;—hath very little Heraldry to distinguish the wrong he does: only, in the first—he begins with Murder, and ends with Theft; in the latter,—he begins with Theft and ends with Murder. One bites before he barks,—the other barks first and bites afterwards. Certainly, all the mischief in the world proceeds either from the actings, or the apprehending of wrong,—from men originally unjust, or ignorantly suspicious.

62, Westmoreland Place, 4th February, 1837, Saturday.

My dear Tristram,

I rang the gate-bell of the School-House last evening, and the boy Arundel answered it, saying, the Committee had forbidden its being opened to me! This is not the first time I have been so treated, and I have yet to learn the cause. To help me therefore towards knowledge, I beg the favor of your giving me the names of the Members of the Committee who dared to resolve that the doors of the Yorkshire School should be closed against the Annual Governor,

Your friend, and ever faithful,

JOHN ATKINSON.

Henry Tristram, Esq.

Officially refused! I cared not a straw, and steered right onward,—just scraping the sunken rock on which the "*Yorkshire Society*" may some early miserable day or night hang in destruction; if the good ship does not keep a good look out, if her officers, and men too, do not do their duty.

62, Westmoreland Place, 28th March, 1837.

My dear Tristram,

I counted on the pleasure of my annual Guinea being accompanied by three others, from my friends, John Smith, Charles Tatham, and John Wormald, Gentlemen who had promised me to enrol themselves in the Society;—but finding that these Beneficent have already paid, it remains for me only to enclose my own, which I am right glad to do. When I grow richer, you shall have better money-service from me; and mean while shall not fail in active exercise of my poor means, for the benefit of the Society. In haste, but as ever, your faithful,

JOHN ATKINSON.

Will it be credited? BY ORDER OF THE COMMITTEE, *my Subscription was sent back!* To serve the School? No. To oust, and strip a Governor of his hard-earned power; so that certain of themselves might not be beaten in the Election! Ask Robert Gibson and his confederates else. Well done, ye good and faithful Stewards of Charity! Enter ye into the joy of having clipped her golden wings, and dealt out to her a heart-quake. Many have since assured, that the Secretary need call no more for their next annual reckoning: they are satisfied,—and these be your trophies! Nor can Perfidy do less—for guerdon—than bind round your devoted heads a wreath of deadly night-shade.

On the black 30th, a Searcher went in half an hour before the Election,—which was to begin at 12, and end at 3. He shall tell his own story.

62, Westmoreland Place, 30th March, 1837.

Gentlemen,

I have received a note from Mr. Tristram returning to me my annual Guinea, and telling me that the Committee had ordered him not to receive it. What this means I have yet to learn: perhaps you will have the charity to explain. I shall attend within the Election hours to-day, and abide the issue. Charged as I am with the confidence of very many of the first benefactors and best friends of the Society, I hold myself forgiven for this awakening of my feelings. With entire respect, Gentlemen, I remain your Servant,

JOHN ATKINSON.

To the Committee of the Yorkshire Society.

At half-after Twelve went to Poll;—when I found the Gate locked, and two Policeman guarding it, one of whom lifted up his hand in acknowledgment of a signal from within; and, closing upon me, they said I was not to be admitted! Warning them off, I rang the bell; the boy Wood answered, and dejectedly told me the Committee had commanded my exclusion. I withdrew to a house in the Road; whither came to me Robert Hutchinson, to beg my Proxies, that Gentleman with myself being embarked in the “Mackcartney.” I refused; dismissing my friend and my business in this wise.

Westminster Road, 1 P.M. 30th March, 1837.

Gentlemen,

Having been deprived of my Rights as a Governor of the Yorkshire Society this day by you,—and denied admission to the Election with my forty Proxies,—which in consequence are lost to the deserving objects of the benevolent donors; I hereby, on behalf of them and myself, protest against your proceeding to an Election.

JOHN ATKINSON.

To the Committee of the Yorkshire Society.

Immediately re-appeared Robert Hutchinson, with James Saner: They tried hard, but could not move me. The Committee having with stupid malignity resolved,—that “*that no Ballotting List filled up in my name should be received,*”—I laughed in my sleeve; determining to return my Proxies to the Noble, Honorable, and Friendly, who had trusted me;—when in stepped Ottywell Robinson, earnestly engaged for the girl Hutchinson. I had promised this Gentleman my best support; and on his fervent appeal, and a few minutes reflection,—decided to sacrifice myself:—whether right or wrong, I leave to the impartial reader. I thought of the Candidates, and their friends,

and the troubles that awaited them all, if cast upon a fresh struggle; not to speak of the ill blood that might be engendered in numbers of the kindly,—who would never know my reasons and motives,—under that innocent ignorance condemn me,—and thereby unwittingly swell the triumph of the Cabal. Had I held out, the Election would have been a dead letter. However, I was robbed of the opportunity of exchanging Votes, and thereby lost my poor girl Errington; while the Secretary was still more iniquitously dealt with,—having had all his Proxies extorted by Thomas Hamilton, under the threat,—that if they were not given up to the Committee, a vote of censure should be moved against him! Why, Henry Tristram has for many years had the Proxy-confidence of many of the noblest and warmest upholders of the Charity! But having on this occasion set his name on a card of the boy Horner's, their High Jealousynesses could no longer restrain the 'fine mad devil' that possessed them, and very terrible were the flashes that shot from their emerald eyes. Election indeed! Now the Secretary has been Life Governor since 1814; his late Lady became Life Governess in 1823, with added £5 5s. Donation;—behold his reward! Henceforth let the tyrant-insolents of themselves elect; and so save the Governors—their Masters—the worse than ridiculous yearly performance of a cap-and-bell foolery in the Westminster Road. To proceed; James Saner asked for my Ballotting Lists, promising to see them used faithfully as I should instruct; (and this after the pie-crust Resolution just passed against them!—) but I could not away with the twin affronts of the Barring-out, and the unheard of employment of the Police; and insisted—sine quâ non—on my personal admission. This was wormwood; and the bitter draught was most reluctantly swallowed. Forward we all marched; in the Hall of the School I delivered my Proxies to generous Ottywell Robinson, and bade Farewell to the Yorkshire Society. But, alas! I was not to be let off so easily. Scarcely was my back turned, when James Saner ran up stairs to the Mistress, who was shewing the store-room to unknown friends of mine!—and a verbatim report from them, which they will gladly attest, of the crimination chucklingly laid,—compelled my advice of its inscrutable discovery, to one whom it may verily well concern.

62, Westmoreland Place, 8th April, 1837.

My dear Friend,

It is indeed with grief and pain I tell you, that the false and scandalous language used by your Wife, regarding me in the Yorkshire Society's School House on the day of the late Election, after delivery of my Forty Ballotting Lists,—has at last reached its true destination. The willing ear of the *coaxing*

Mr. Saner, (as that Gentleman then and there designated himself,) was a fit and pure recipient for such moral poison ; and I give the Doctor joy, on the happy occasion of the marriage of his own sincerity to such an accomplished partner. Determined as I am to have the truth out,—little is left me now to do, but to expose the virtues of the Worthies, who have been so christian-like pleased to take under the white and warm wing of their protection, the good name of your obliged and faithful

JOHN ATKINSON.

John Lacon Akers, Esq. Yorkshire School.

O God ! defend thy people from the double-faced and double-tongued. Better were it to be slaughtered outright, than grid-ironed over the slow fire of *their* tender mercy,—whose “inward parts are very wickedness,” and “their throat an open sepulchre.” “*Hypocrisy is the homage that Vice pays to Virtue.*” Thus acutely, thus understandingly, speaks La Rochefoucault. Now, will any of her thousand and one loving and scholastic Pundit or Blue-stocking darlings grant an analysis of the idiosyncrasy of DISSIMULATION ? Not learning to live, yet living to learn ;—could I have this ;—however sapless and promiseless the tree might appear ;—I am sure, that in due season it would fling down at my feet,—(and not at mine alone, by countless numbers,—) store of apples of Goodness and Wisdom,—sound, racy, and ripe ; even so. Will any of them grant ? “And the Chancellor said,—“*I doubt.*”

The baser airts o' ilka kin'
 That squattle human heads within,
 Sense and Discretion always fin',
 And e'e to watch :—
 But black Hypocrisy's a Sin—
 They canna match.

In thus taking leave, I beg most humbly yet earnestly the Society's kind regard to the many poor losing Candidates on the late illegal Election ; believing all meritorious, and knowing the majority to be so. I may live to serve the Institution better than heretofore ; but, whether or not, am content to think, with many influential Members, that a Little Agitation,—which these pages may excite,—may do it great good. In the same spirit, and from long observation, backed by the facts now printed, and others which I ‘keep dry ;’ (adopting the counsel of a notorious militant Church Divine when preaching of ‘Powder ;’—) I must tell the Society, that if it thrive under its present Constitution and Administration, the age of miracles has not passed. In their last Report only, the Committee bedaubs with praise those of its Members which rule that nuisance—the House Committee ;—and the slimy reptiles having won-

derful powers of tenacity, hold right fast to office:—for the advancement of benevolence?—for the benefit of their own self-conceit, false pride, and shameless over-bearing — rather. Upon what have the generous-worthy of the Committee been musing, that they could look passively—if not assentingly—on the foul actions detailed in these pages,—and where is their moral courage? What have the Twenty-four been about, for the last fifteen months,—assailed by just remonstrance over and over again,—yet never once deigning to meet my charges; —but lent themselves, instead, to the brute violence of knaves and fools,—dogs that I trust have had their day,—whose jaws are toothless, and whose top-proud clamour has fallen into whining decay. The Senate of Lilliput never heard,—(the Council of the Yorkshire have,—may I aver?—)

———this Truth sublime;—

HE WHO ALLOWS OPPRESSION, SHARES THE CRIME.

Surely a General Committee,—not breeding in and in, but fairly elected,—might manage this little concern well; and, by exercising the proverbial energy of the Yorkshire Character, not suffer it to lag on the road to high prosperity as it has done. But the clock strikes. With an “*Esto Perpetua!*”—therefore, —and a pregnant slip from Lord Bacon, I close.

“In Place, there is a licence to do good and evil,—whereof the latter is a curse: for in evil, the best condition is not to will, the second—not to can; but power to do good is the lawful end of aspiring: for good thoughts—though God accept them—yet, towards men, are little better than good dreams, except they be put in act; and that cannot be without Power and Place as the vantage and commanding ground. Merit and Good Works is the end of Man’s motion; and conscience of the same, is the accomplishment of Man’s rest.”

APPENDIX I.

YORKSHIRE SOCIETY'S SCHOOLS,

IN THE WESTMINSTER ROAD,

ESTABLISHED IN 1812,

FOR BOARDING, CLOTHING AND EDUCATING

The Children of unfortunate and indigent Yorkshire Parents, resident within five miles of the Royal Exchange.

Committee,

The Right Hon. Sir J. BECKETT, Bart. M.P. Stratford Place.

Sir FRANCIS LINDLEY WOOD, Bart. Hickleton, by Doncaster.

WALKER SKIRROW, Esq. K.C. 6, Stone Buildings, Lincoln's Inn.

GEORGE SCHOLEY, Esq. Ald. Clapham Common.

GEORGE BRIDGES, Esq. V. P. Brent Lodge, Hanwell.

THOMAS HAMILTON, Esq. 2, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.

SAMUEL WRIGHT, Esq. Blackheath.

*J. A. ADAMTHWAITE, Esq. 6, St. Michael's Alley, Cornhill.

*CHARLES BISCHOFF, Esq. 8, Copthall Court.

JOHN COVERDALE, Esq. 1, Field Court, Gray's Inn.

ROBERT DODGSON, Esq. 50, Old Broad Street.

JOHN ELLIS, Esq. 226, Upper Thames Street.

*WILLIAM FISHER, Esq. 20, Chancery Lane.

JOHN GIBSON, Esq. Tredegar House, Bow.

*ROBERT GIBSON, Jun. Esq. 25, Prince's Street, Haymarket.

WILLIAM HUMPHRIS, Esq. 51, Leather Lane.

WILLIAM LAWSON, Esq. 39, St. Mary-at-Hill.

*GEORGE LEACH, Esq. 1, Castle Court, Laurence Lane.

HENRY PHILLIPS, Esq. 1, Paragon, New Kent Road.

JAMES PULLEINE, Esq. 1, King's Bench Walk, Tempie.

*JOHN E. SANDERSON, Esq. 1, Crown Court, Philpot Lane.

*JAMES SANER, Esq. 36, Finsbury Square.

CHARLES SMITHSON, Esq. 33, Southampton Buildings, Chancery La.

J. R. TETLEY, Esq. 19, Commercial Sale Rooms, Mincing Lane.

*The seven marked thus * form the House Committee.*

Honorary Secretary.

HENRY TRISTRAM.

Master and Mistress.

Mr. and Mrs. AKERS.

SONNET.

To the REVEREND JAMES TATE, A. M.

Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's: for Thirty-five Years Head Master of the
Grammar School, Richmond, Yorkshire.

*Yet some men, friendly enough of nature—but of small judgment in learning,
do think I take too much pains, and spend too much time in setting forth these
Children's affairs: but those good men were never brought up in Socrates'
school, who saith plainly, that 'NO MAN GOETH ABOUT A MORE GODLY PURPOSE
THAN HE THAT IS MINDFUL OF THE GOOD BRINGING UP BOTH OF HIS OWN AND
OTHER MEN'S CHILDREN.'*

ROGER ASCHAM.

Friend of my Boyhood! whose broad spreading fame
Strikes ever on my heartstrings notes of pleasure;
Friend of my Life! whose nature's generous flame
Burns pure and holy as the Vestal's treasure;—
A 'prentice' Muse may venture not to measure
Of thy fine mind the lore-enriched frame,
Or weigh the charities that task thy leisure,
Or tell why Time makes thine a golden name!
But on the obvious theme of gratitude—
She dares to descant,—and her thanks out-well
In song to thee, who taught the youngling rude
How Truth with Peace and Knowledge came to dwell.
Loved TATE! Once more my dead-lift debt confessing,
I pray to God to crown thy days with blessing.

24th March, 1834.

APPENDIX 3.

WHEN THINKING OF MY MOTHER,

Who left me in her 79th Year.

Two years are gone and over since my Mother went away,
After three score years and ten and more had held that soul in clay,
Had held that noble spirit here, to brave the world for me—
Her only child and helpless, and a widowed Mother she.

Then what a son should I be—could I forget her love,
That compassed me about like an angel's from above,
Who strived to live, and did live, for her reaved boy alone—
Whom she was well content to think had not a heart of stone !

O God forefend it should be ! That it is not so I know,
For the pain of parted blessing does daily with me grow ;
I look about on all sides, I look about in vain,—
And such a friend as she was can I never have again.

Yet let me not be graceless, or thankless in my lot ;
Still let me be right mindful ;—for “ BENEFITS FORGOT ”—
Were a curse upon a grave stone would send a soul to hell,—
And I would rather that mine own another tale should tell.

* * * * *

September, 1831.

APPENDIX 4.

FOR THE

YORKSHIRE SOCIETY'S ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL.

1836,

To be delivered by one of the Boys of the School.

‘ No radiant pearl which crested Fortune wears,
‘ No gem that twinkling hangs from Beauty’s ears,
‘ Not the bright stars which night’s blue arch adorn,
‘ Nor rising suns that gild the vernal morn,—
‘ Shine with such lustre—as the tear that breaks
‘ For others’ woe down Virtue’s manly cheeks.’

So sang the Poet* to his golden lyre,
His rapt soul glowing with celestial fire;
And you Beneficent!—by your presence here,
Prove that yourselves have dropt that sacred tear.
What then should we feel less than full content—
With the rare goodness of your fixed intent
To make us good, to cherish, and to save
From the broad way that leads to Evil’s grave?
We can feel more;—the Gratitude we owe
To you, who wisely teach us well to know
The strait path to a sound and happy rest,—
Making us one and all supremely blest.
And not to *words* alone we trust our truth,
Or the becoming duty of our youth;
We promise—that our *deeds* shall plainly tell
That we have learnt our Christian lesson well,
And striven with our whole strength to do our best.
—Your gentle judgment will forgive the rest;
And your warm Charity, we know, will live—
Long as Desert can ask, or you can give.

* Darwin.

London, 25th April, 1836.

APPENDIX 5.

SONNET.

INSCRIBED AFFECTIONATELY TO

LUKE THOMPSON, Esq. YORK.

Some bodies ne'er cast aff the bairn,
Some heads are saft as tauted yarn,
Some hearts are hard as stane or airn—
An' lost to guid :
Frae ye the gifts they a' might larn
O' flesh and bluid.

J. A. MS.

Still in this glen, deep channelled in the wolds,
Untrod by pilgrim now, fair RIVAULX ! stands,
Though bruised and broken by Time's serpent-folds,
Thy glorious fabric once of pious hands—
In splendid ruin ! What a thrilling scene
Of solitude, of grandeur, of decay,—
With stream and woodland graced and meadows green,
Where Peace unchallenged holds perennial sway !

Yet doubly dear to me, since yonder cot,
Yon modest home of independent worth,
To holiest duties aye a welcome spot,
Saw hope delighted wait upon the birth
Of him, whom Friendship, without slight of other,
Gave me to love instead of a young brother.

Old May Day, 1835.



